

The Three  
Little Pigs



The Three Billy Goats Gruff



Favorite  
Bedtime  
Tales

Goldilocks and  
the Three Bears



The  
Gingerbread Man



The Little Red Hen

Ladybird





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My Bedtime Collection of  
**★ First Favorite ★**  
**Tales**

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**Tales**



Ladybird

# Introduction

A perfect first collection of timeless and treasured stories, with amusing pictures and rhymes, will delight young children everywhere.







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based on a traditional folk tale  
retold by Nicola Baxter  
illustrated by Liz Pichon

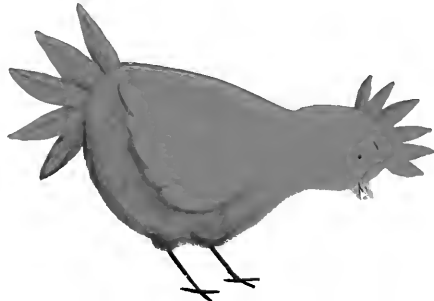


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retold by Nicola Baxter  
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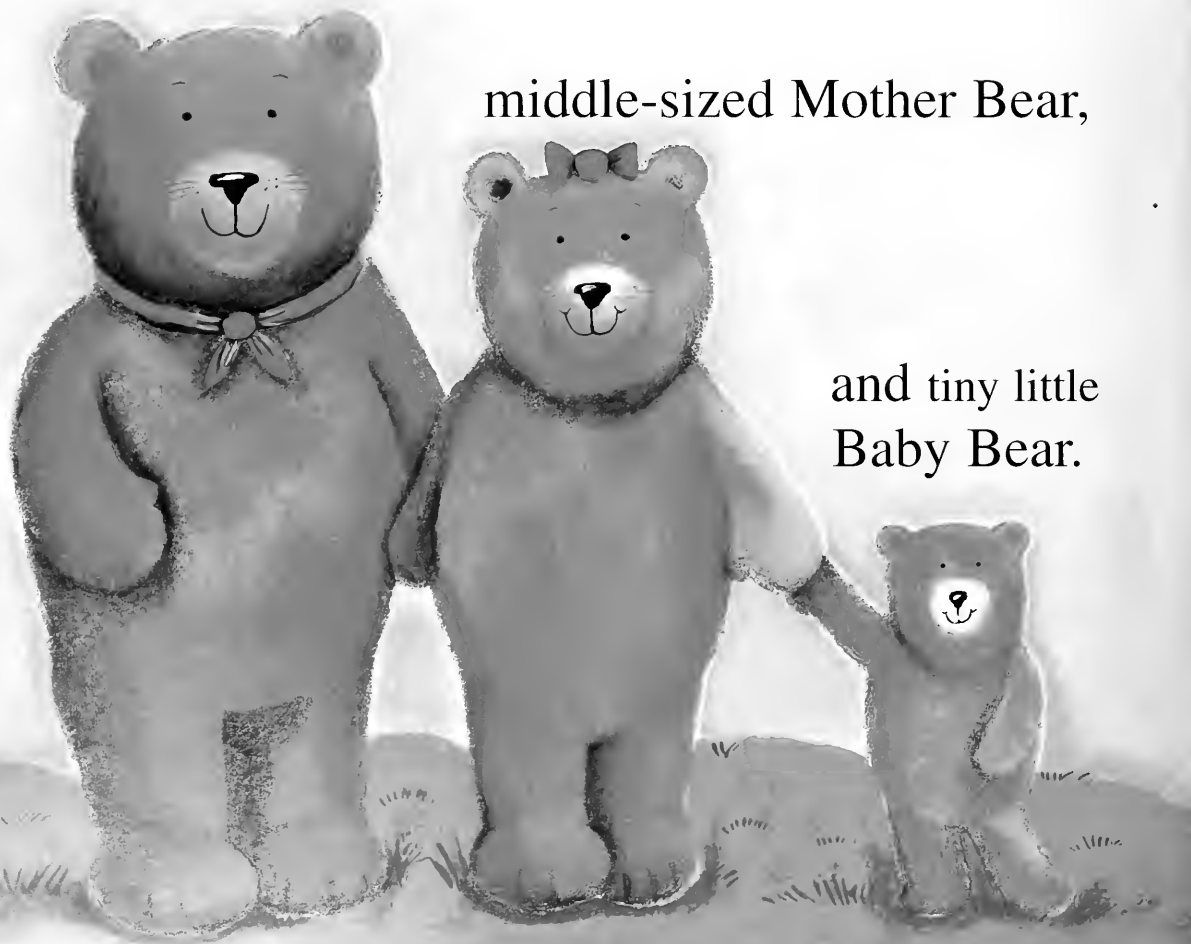
# Goldilocks and the Three Bears



Deep in the forest lived three bears.  
There was **BIG** Father Bear,

middle-sized Mother Bear,

and tiny little  
Baby Bear.



Father Bear had a **BIG** voice. Mother Bear had a middle-sized voice. Baby Bear had a tiny little voice. You could only just hear it.



Bright and early one morning, Mother Bear was busy making breakfast.

“We’ll enjoy our porridge even more if we have a little walk first,” said Father Bear.





But while the bears were walking, so was  
someone else. It was a little girl called...



...Goldilocks.

She had golden hair, and her cheeks  
were rosy. But little Goldilocks was  
rather nosy!



When she saw the house, with the door open wide, that naughty little girl walked right inside!



Goldilocks was feeling curious. There on the table she saw three bowls of porridge, so she picked up a spoon to have a taste.

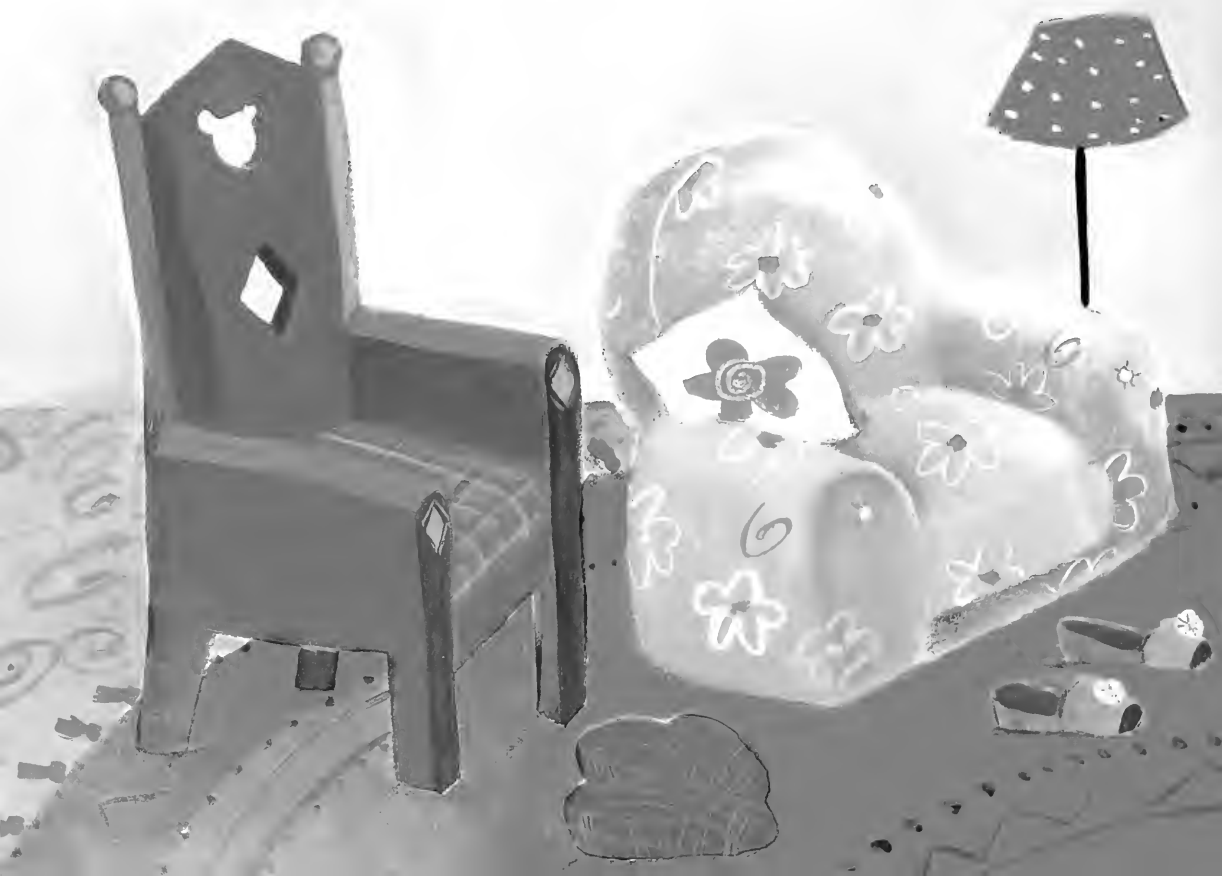


The first bowl of porridge was much too hot.  
The second bowl was much too lumpy!  
But, “Mmmmm!” The third little bowl of  
porridge was just right... and suddenly it was  
absolutely empty!



Feeling rather full and sleepy, Goldilocks  
looked for a chair.

How many do you think were standing there?



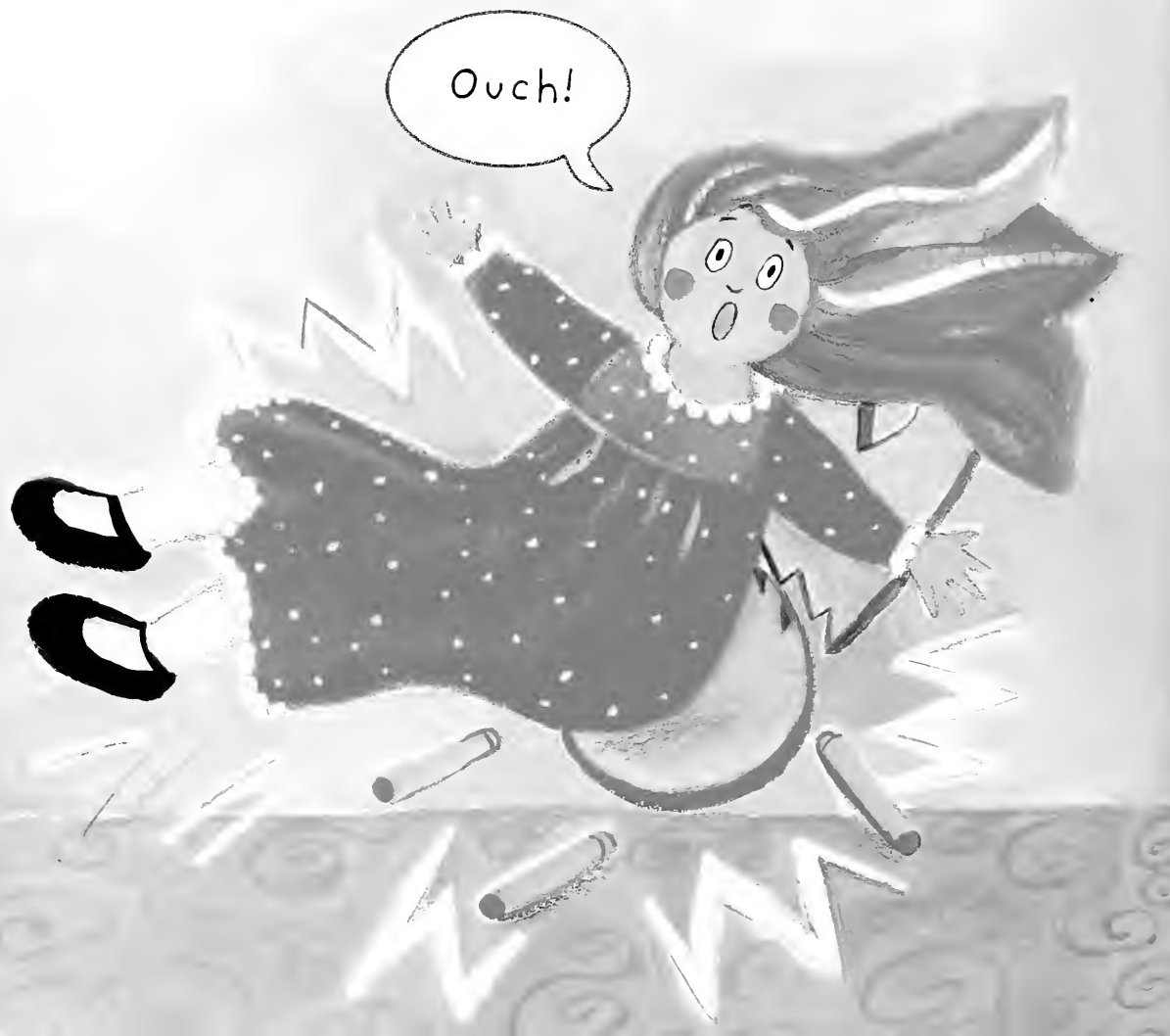
The first chair was much too hard.

The second chair was much too soft!

But the third little chair was just right – for  
a baby bear. Goldilocks sat down and...



...CRASH! She smashed the little chair.





Goldilocks felt tired and upset after such a bruising bump. She quickly hurried up the stairs and peeked into the...



...bedroom.

There she saw a **BIG** bed, a middle-sized bed and a tiny little cozy bed.



The first bed was much too hard.

The second bed was much too soft!

But, “Mmmmm!” The third little bed  
was just right...



...for a snooZ-Z-Z-Z-7-7-L-L-l-L-L L Z-L-L-z.

---



Meanwhile on the forest track, the three bears were coming back.

They noticed right away that things were wrong.



“Someone’s been eating my porridge!”  
growled Father Bear.

“Someone’s been eating my porridge!”  
said Mother Bear.



“Someone’s been eating my porridge,” squeaked  
Baby Bear, “and they’ve eaten it all up!”



“Someone’s been sitting in MY chair!”  
growled Father Bear.

“Someone’s been sitting in *my* chair!”  
said Mother Bear.





“Someone’s been sitting in my chair, too,” sobbed Baby Bear.

He was the saddest bear of all. There was nothing left of his little chair.



Quietly on their furry paws, the bears crept slowly up the stairs.



“Someone’s been sleeping in MY bed!”  
grunted Father Bear.

“Someone’s been sleeping in *my* bed!”  
said Mother Bear.

“Someone’s been sleeping in my bed,” squeaked  
Baby Bear...



“...and she’s still there!”

Baby Bear’s tiny voice woke Goldilocks.  
She opened one eye... and then the other...



Then she jumped out of bed, ran out of the house, and never went back.

And what's more, after that Goldilocks never had porridge for breakfast!





# The Gingerbread Man



One morning a baker said to his wife,  
“Today I’ll bake a gingerbread man.  
He’ll look just right in our shop window.”





So the baker made a gingerbread man  
and put him in the oven. Before long they  
heard a noise. A little voice began to shout,  
*“Open the door! Let me out!”*



As soon as the baker opened the oven door,





the gingerbread man jumped down to the floor...

I'm off!

and ran right out of the shop.

The baker and his wife chased him down the street, shouting, “Come back here, little ginger feet!”

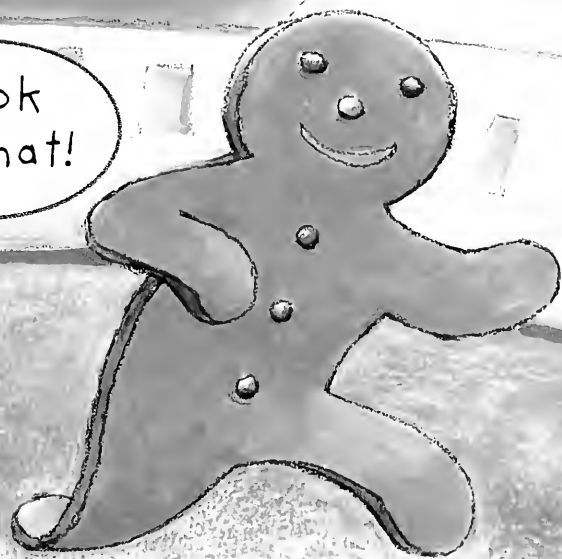
But the gingerbread man just ran and ran, singing,



*“Run, run, as fast as you can,  
You can’t catch me, I’m the gingerbread man!”*



Look  
at that!



He hadn't gone far when...

...a hungry boy joined the chase, calling,  
“Come back here, little ginger face!”

But the gingerbread man just ran and  
ran, singing,



*“Run, run, as fast as you can,  
You can’t catch me, I’m the gingerbread man!”*



Next he passed...

...a hungry cow who said,  
“Come back here, little ginger head!”

But the gingerbread man just ran and  
ran, singing,

*“Run, run, as fast as you can,*





*You can't catch me, I'm the gingerbread man!"*



How do you  
dooooooooo?

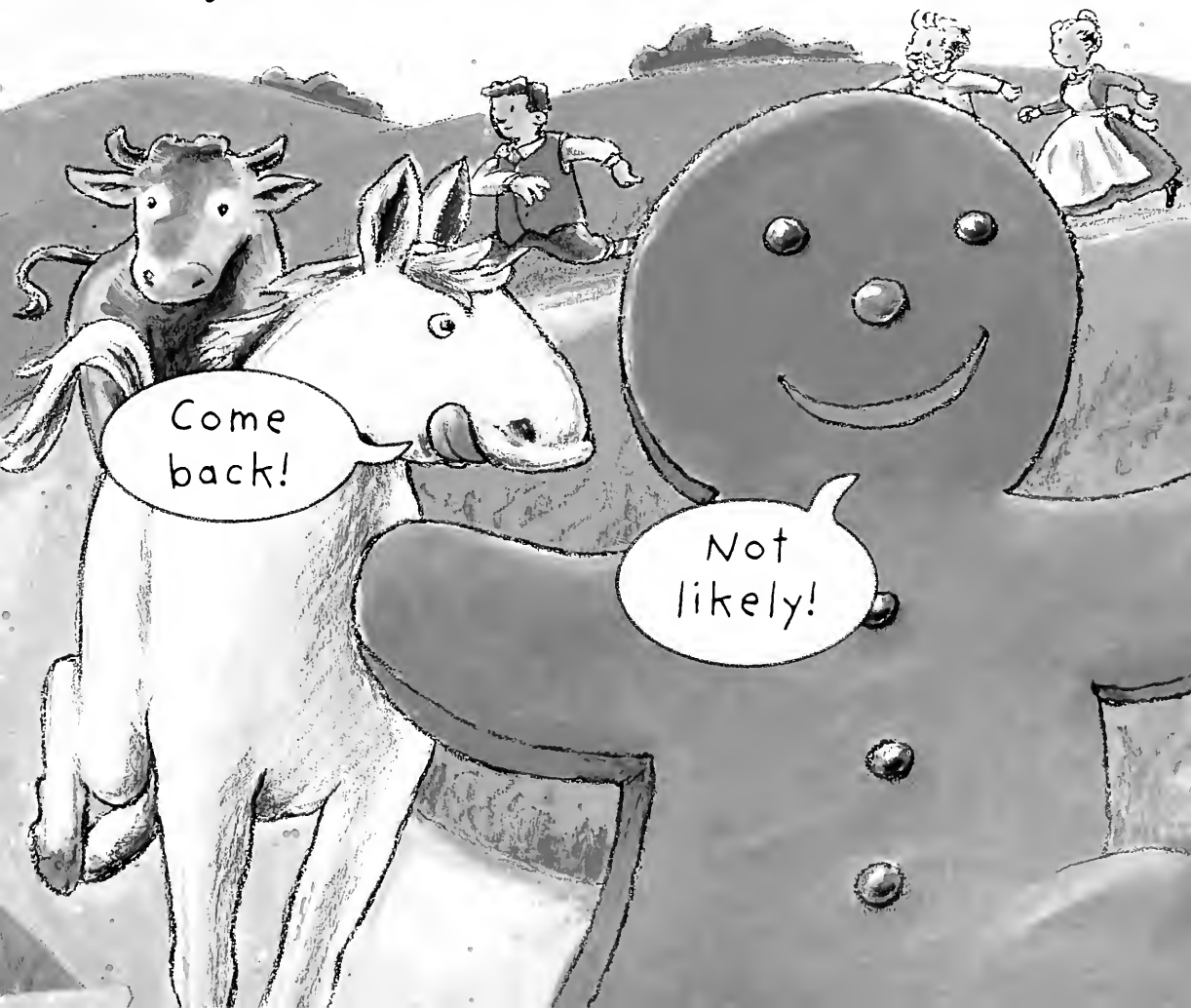
It wasn't long before he met...

...a hungry horse, neighing,  
“Come back here, little ginger paws!”  
But the gingerbread man just ran and  
ran, singing,



*“Run, run, as fast as you can,  
You can’t catch me, I’m the gingerbread man!”*

Behind him chased the horse, the cow,  
the boy, the baker and his wife.



In the woods hid a hungry fox. He called,  
“What’s the hurry, little ginger socks?”

But the gingerbread man just ran and  
ran, singing,



*“Run, run, as fast as you can,  
You can’t catch me, I’m the gingerbread man!”*



He was just thinking how clever he was,  
when...

...he came to a wide, wide river.

The gingerbread man stopped. He needed to think. Up crept the fox and said with a wink,



“Jump onto my tail and I’ll take you across.”

The gingerbread man thanked the sly fox  
and he jumped onto his bushy tail.



The fox started to swim across the wide,  
wide river.

Very soon he said, “Little gingerbread man,  
you’re too heavy for my tail. Why not jump  
onto my red, red back?”





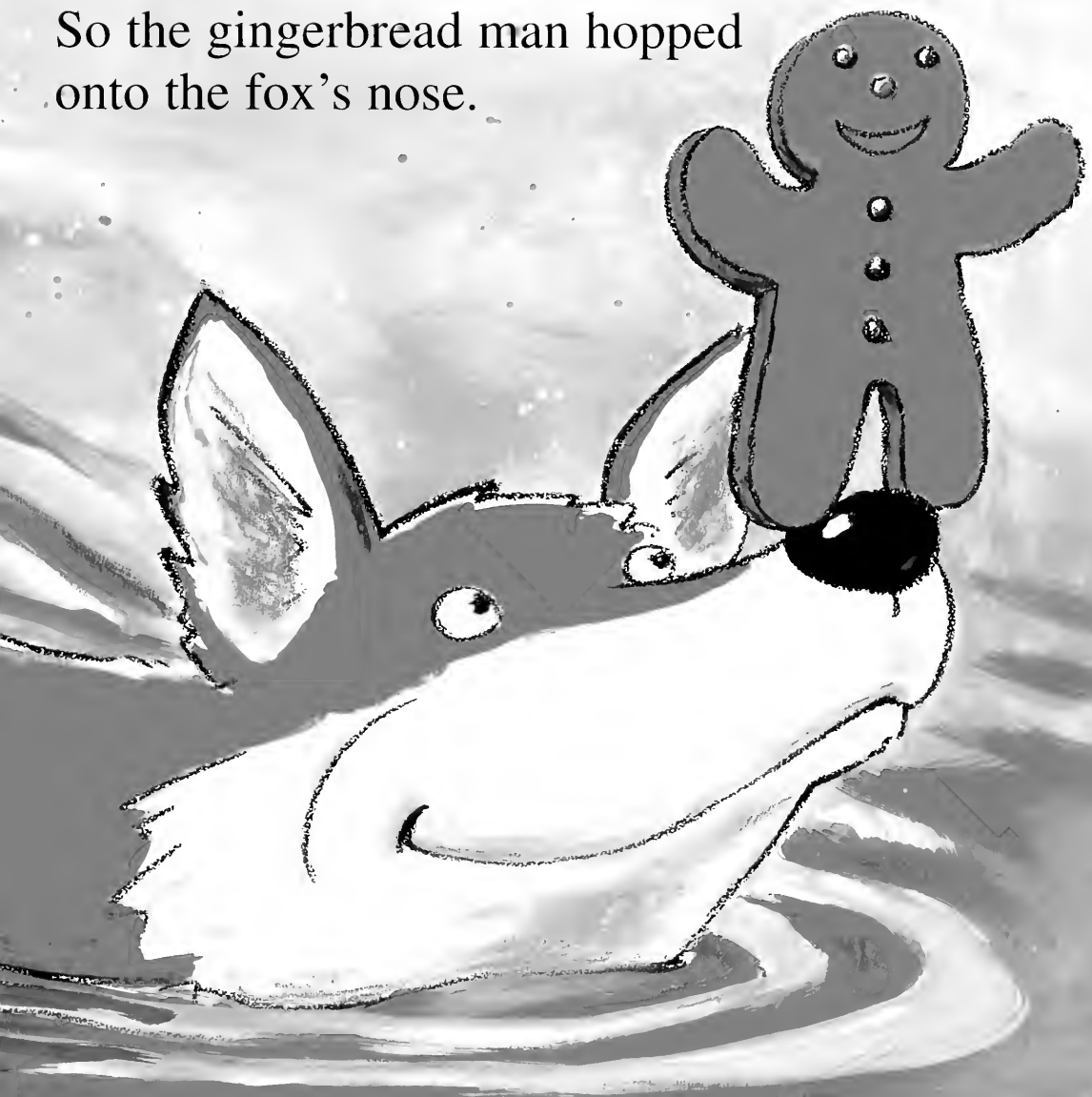
So the gingerbread man jumped onto the fox's back.



But soon the fox said, “Little gingerbread man, you’re too heavy for my back.  
Why not hop onto my shiny, black nose?”

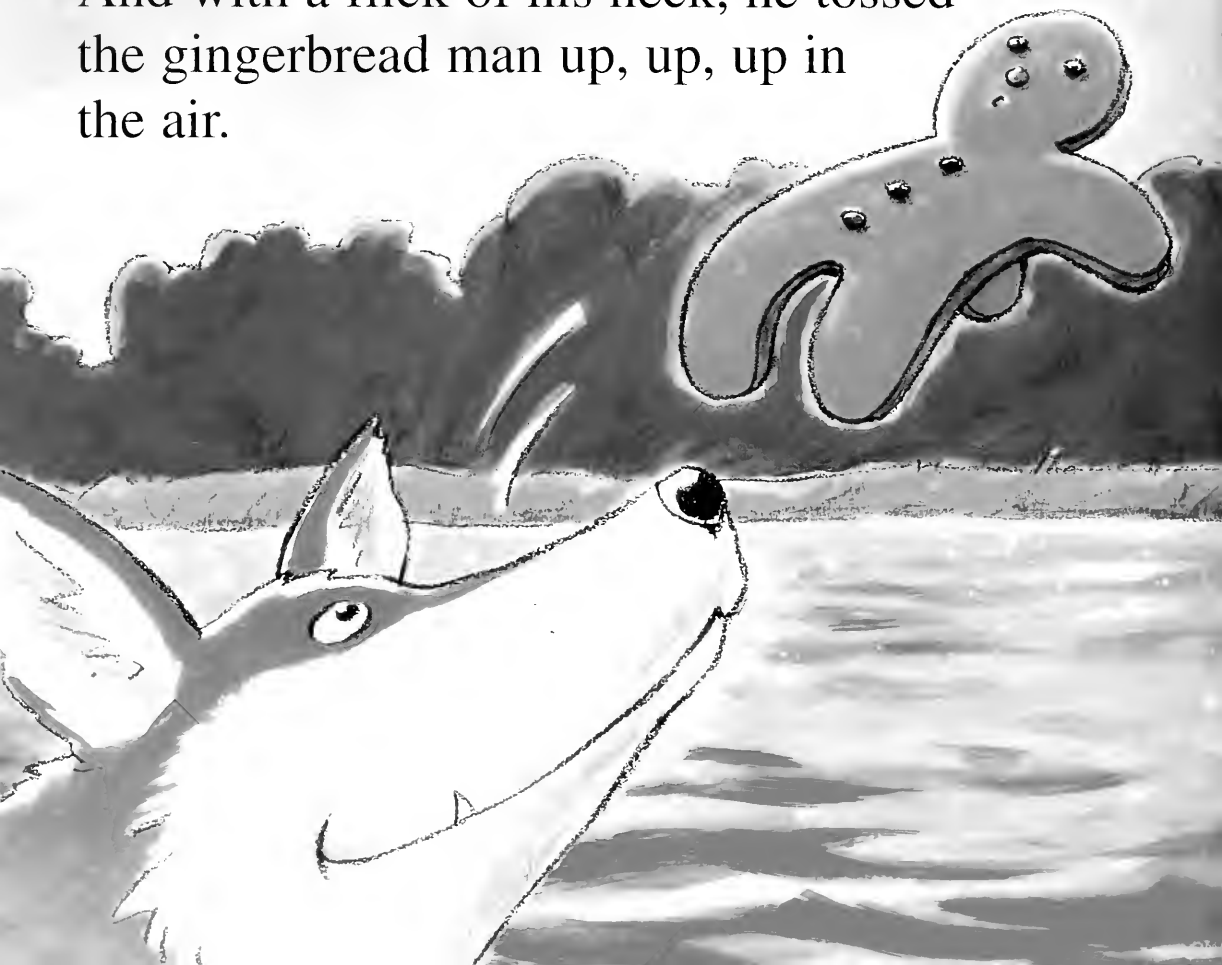


So the gingerbread man hopped  
onto the fox's nose.



Just as they came near to the bank, the fox  
tossed back his head.

And with a flick of his neck, he tossed  
the gingerbread man up, up, up in  
the air.



Then the gingerbread man fell  
down, down, down...



**SNAP!** straight into the fox's gaping mouth.

And that was the end of the gingerbread man.



With a sly smile, the fox trotted home,  
singing,

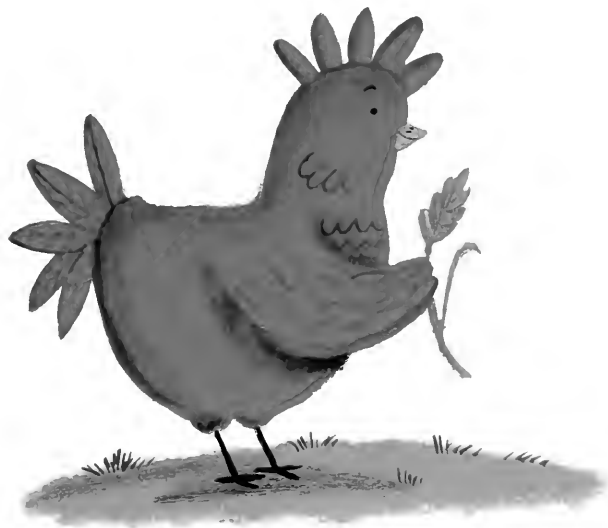
*“Run, run, as fast as you can,  
But **I** caught **you**, little gingerbread man!”*







# The Little Red Hen



One sunny spring morning, the little red hen  
was scratching about the farmyard.

Suddenly...

“Look! Look!” clucked the little red hen.

“I spy...





Zzzzzzz...

“...a grain of wheat!”

The little red hen was *very* excited! She showed it to her friends in the farmyard.

“Who will help me to plant this wheat?”  
she asked.



“Not I,” yawned the sleepy, stripey cat.

“Not I,” sniffed the sleek, skinny rat.

“Not I,” snorted the plump, pink pig.



“Then I will plant this wheat myself,” said the little red hen.

And she did.





The little red hen weeded and watered  
the wheat every day.

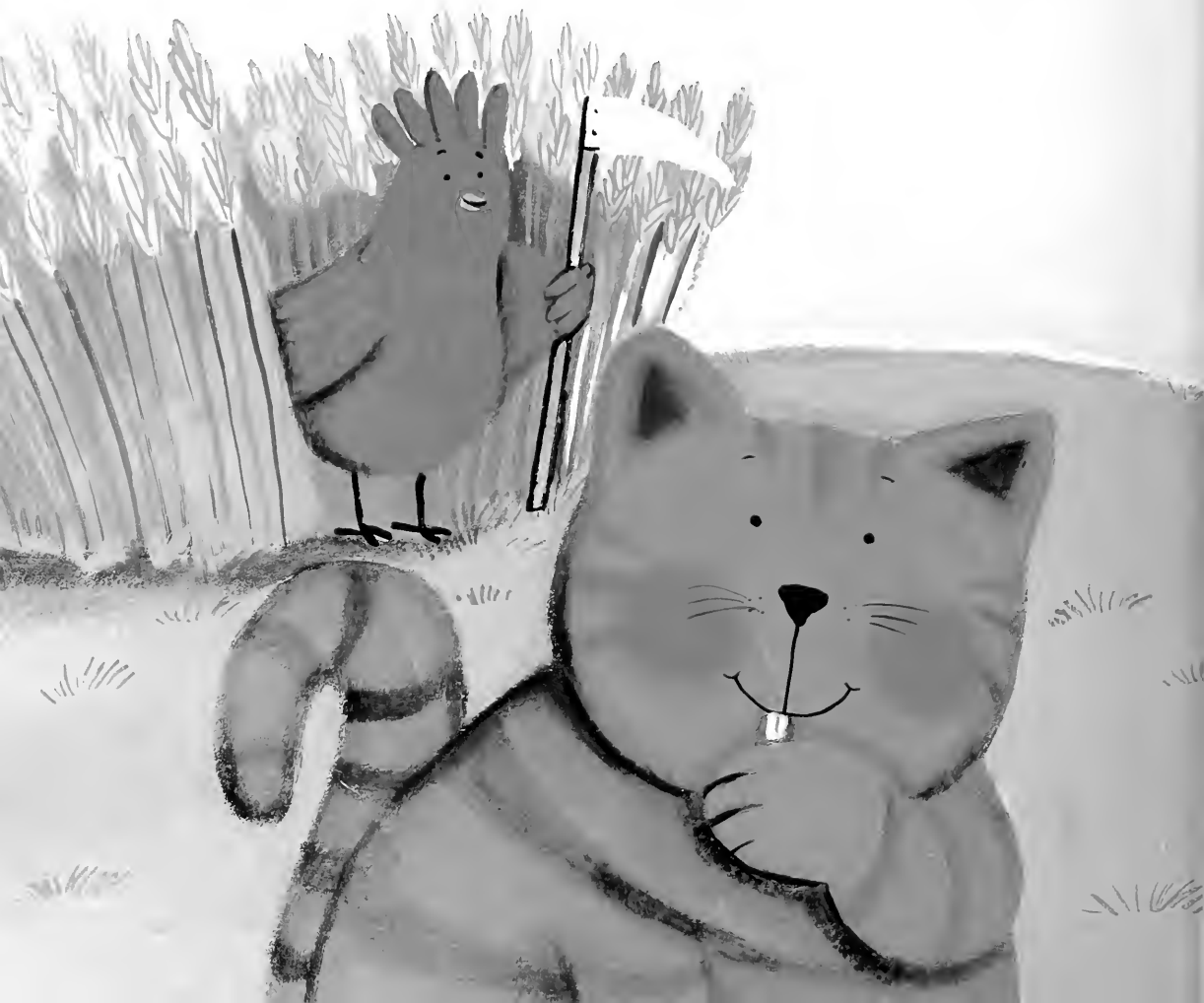
Soon the wheat began to grow.







...and it **grew** till it was tall and golden.



“Who will help me to cut the wheat?” asked the little red hen.

“Not I,” purred the preening, stripey cat.

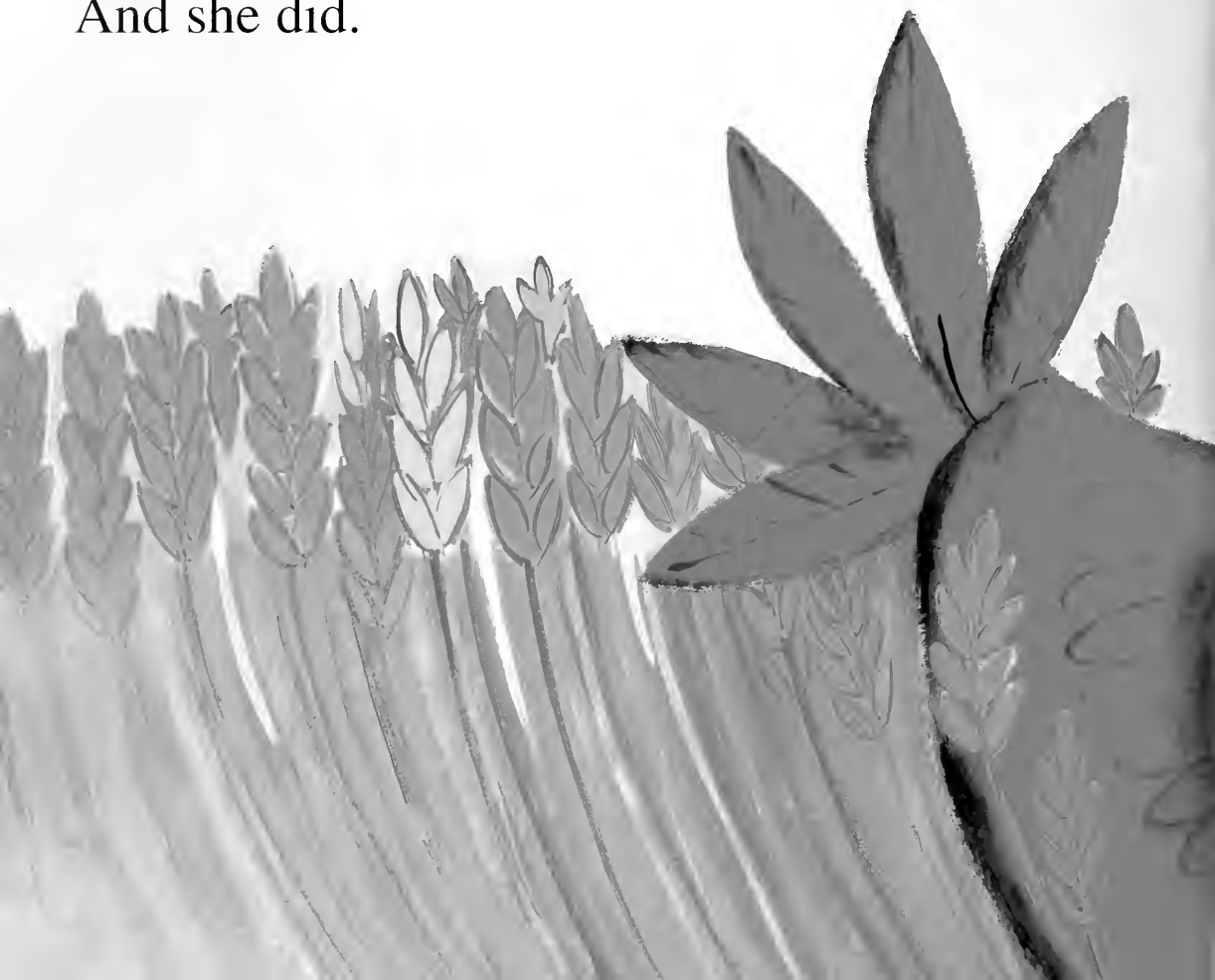
“Not I,” sang the snoozing, skinny rat.

“Not I,” mumbled the muddy, pink pig.



“Then I will cut the wheat myself,” said the  
little red hen.

And she did.





It's ripe  
and ready!

“Who will help me to take this wheat to the mill?” asked the little red hen.

“Not I,” said the big, stripey cat.

“Not I,” shouted the small, skinny rat.

“Not I,” laughed the large, pink pig.



“Then I will take this wheat to the mill myself,” said the little red hen.

And she did.



Round and round went the windmill as it ground the wheat.





Soon the little red hen had a big sack of fine white flour to take home.

She was very pleased!



“Who will help me to bake some bread?”  
asked the little red hen.

“Not I,” called the curled-up, stripey cat.

“Not I,” said the sneaky, skinny rat.

“Not I,” giggled the gleeful, pink pig.





Too busy!

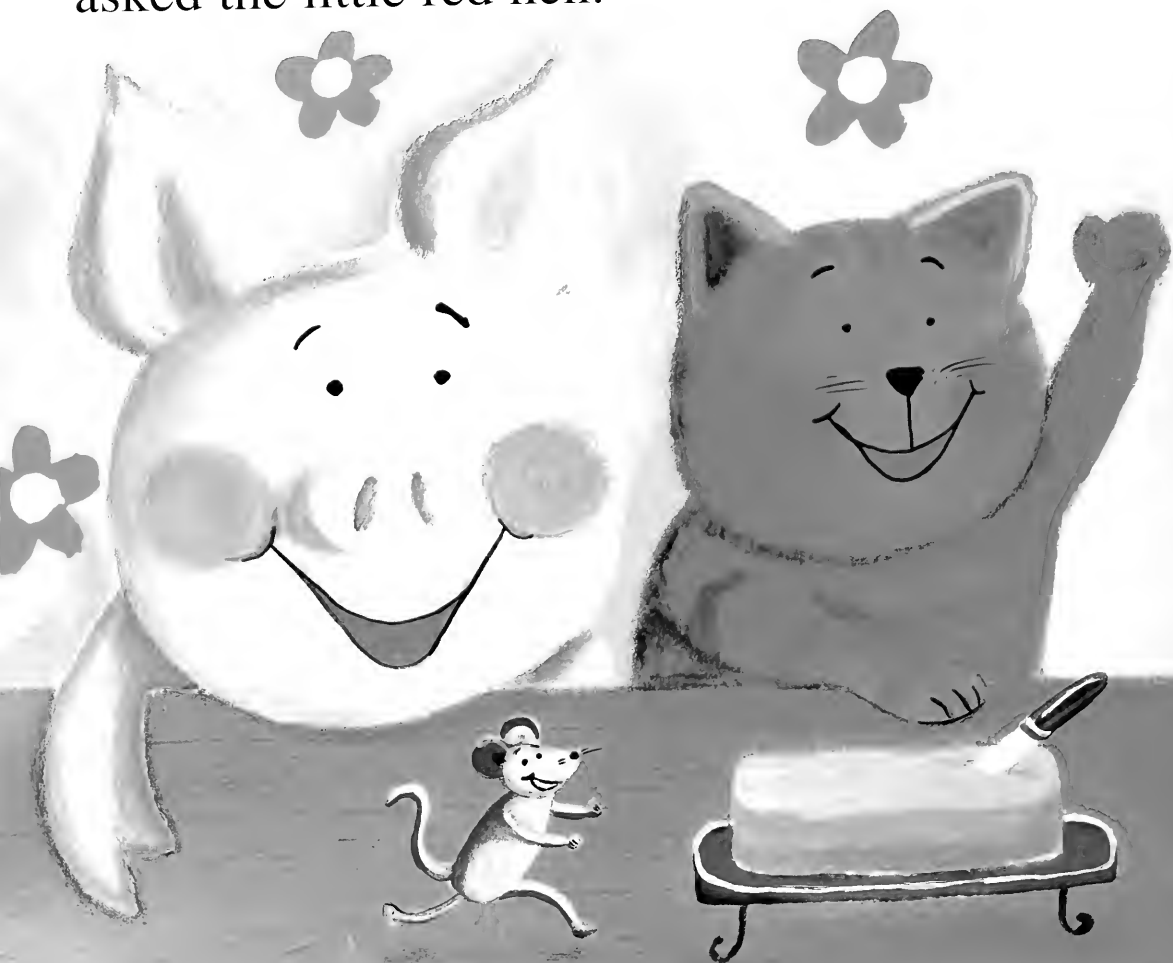
“Then I will bake the bread myself,” said the  
little red hen.

And she did.





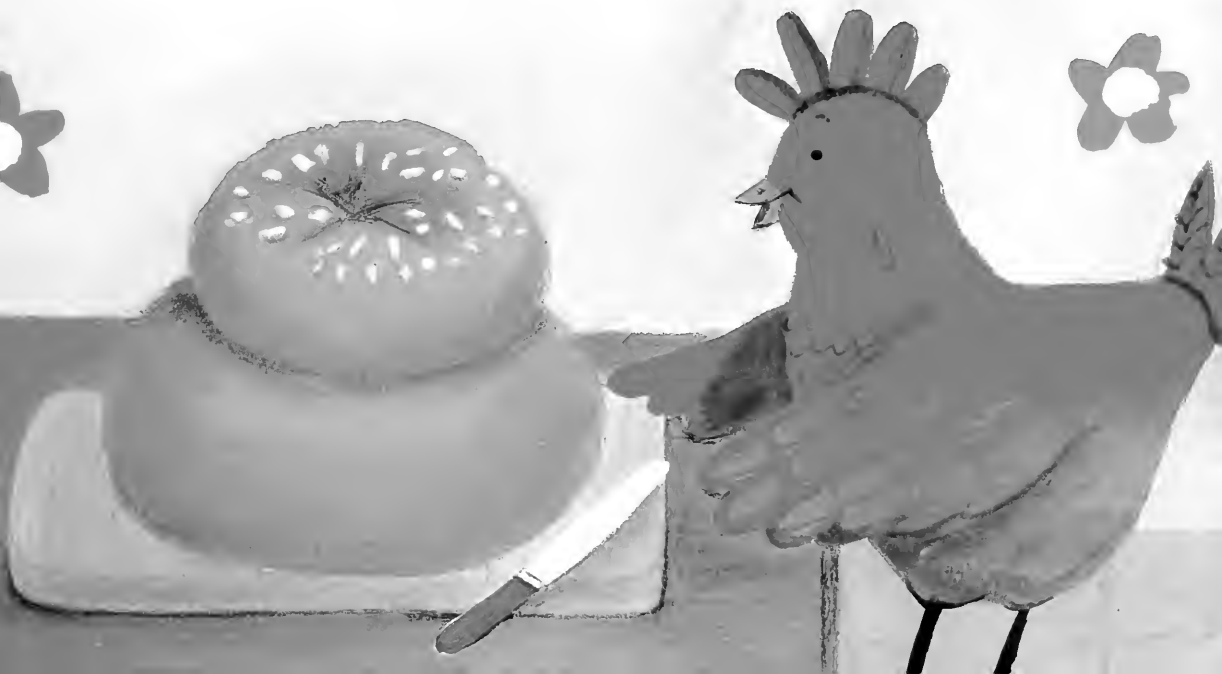
“Who will help me to eat this bread?”  
asked the little red hen.



“I will!” said the eager, stripey cat. “It smells so-o-o delicious!”

“I will!” said the hungry, skinny rat. “I *love* freshly baked bread!”

“I will!” said the greedy, pink pig. “With lots of creamy butter, please!”



But the little red hen had other plans.

“Not you, stripey cat! Not you, skinny rat!  
Not you, greedy pig! You didn’t help me at  
all. So now I’m going to eat this warm, fresh  
bread all by myself.”





And she did... with *oodles* of creamy butter!





# The Three Billy Goats Gruff



Once upon a time there were three billy goats Gruff, Gruff, Gruff, who said,  
“This grass isn’t good enough! We need to  
look for pastures new, where the grass is  
sweet and delicious to chew.”



Off they trotted till they came to a river,  
where they saw...



...across the water, a meadow green,  
with the sweetest grass they had ever seen.  
The goats longed to cross the bridge, but...



a wicked old troll lived underneath,  
with horrible claws and terrible teeth,<  
and he gobbled up anyone trying to cross.



Soon the littlest billy goat Gruff said,  
“I’m off across the bridge to eat that  
sweet grass!”



And off he trotted with a *trip trap, trip trap,*  
across the wooden planks.



The wicked old troll sharpened his claws  
and gnashed his teeth, and...



...UP he popped with a monstrous growl!

“WHO’S THAT TRIP-TRAPPING ACROSS  
MY BRIDGE?”

“It’s only me,” said the littlest billy  
goat Gruff. “Please let me past, to eat  
the green grass!”



But the troll growled, “No! No! I’M going to eat YOU instead!”

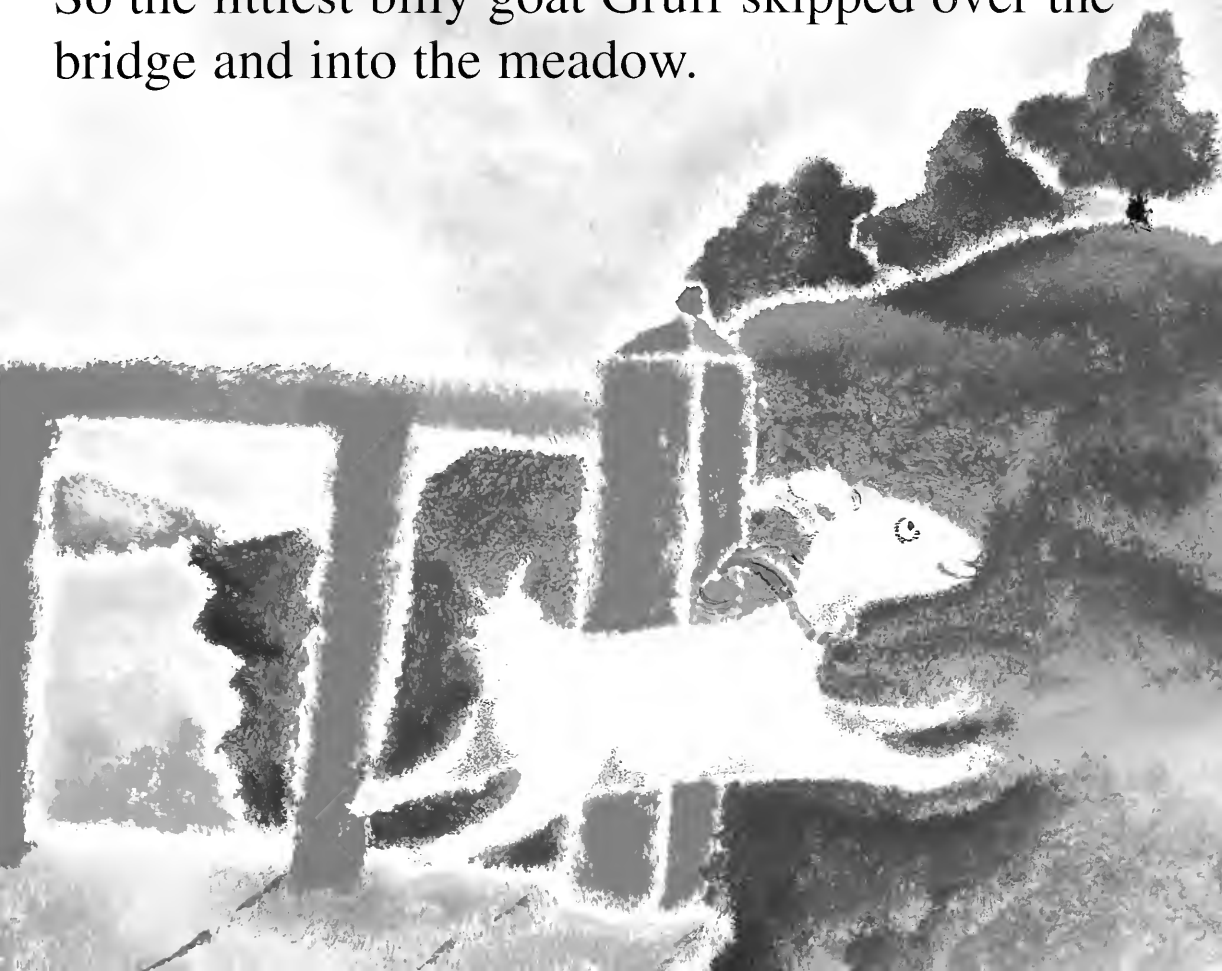


“Oh, please don’t!” said the small billy goat.  
“Just wait a while! The second billy goat will  
make you smile! He’s much bigger and fatter  
than I!”



And the troll thought, “Mmmmm... that’s worth a try!”

So the littlest billy goat Gruff skipped over the bridge and into the meadow.



Soon the middle-sized billy goat Gruff said,  
“I’m off across the bridge to eat that  
sweet grass!”



And off he trotted with a *trip trap, trip trap*,  
across the wooden planks.

The wicked old troll sharpened his claws  
and gnashed his teeth, and...



...UP he popped with a deafening roar!

“WHO’S THAT TRIP-TRAPPING ACROSS  
MY BRIDGE?”





“It’s only me,” said the middle-sized billy goat Gruff. “Please let me past, to eat the green grass!”

But the troll roared, “No! No! I’M going to eat YOU instead!”



“Oh, please don’t!” said the middle-sized billy goat. “Just wait a while! The third billy goat will make you smile! He’s much, much bigger and fatter than I!”



And the troll thought, “Mmmmm... that’s worth a try!”

So the middle-sized billy goat Gruff skipped over the bridge and into the meadow.



Soon the big billy goat Gruff said,  
“I’m off across the bridge to eat that  
sweet grass!”



And off he trotted with a *trip trap, trip trap,*  
across the wooden planks.

The wicked old troll sharpened his claws  
and gnashed his teeth, and...

A black and white illustration of a troll character. The troll is depicted with a large, somewhat grotesque face, wearing a pointed hat and a dark tunic. He is standing on a path, sharpening a knife on a stone surface. In his other hand, he holds a fork. Behind him is a large, multi-arched stone bridge or castle wall. A speech bubble is positioned above the troll, containing the text "Dinner time at last!".

Dinner  
time at  
last!

...UP he popped with a fearful holler!

“WHO’S THAT TRIP-TRAPPING ACROSS  
MY BRIDGE?”



“It’s ME!” said the big billy goat Gruff. “I’m going past to eat the green grass!”

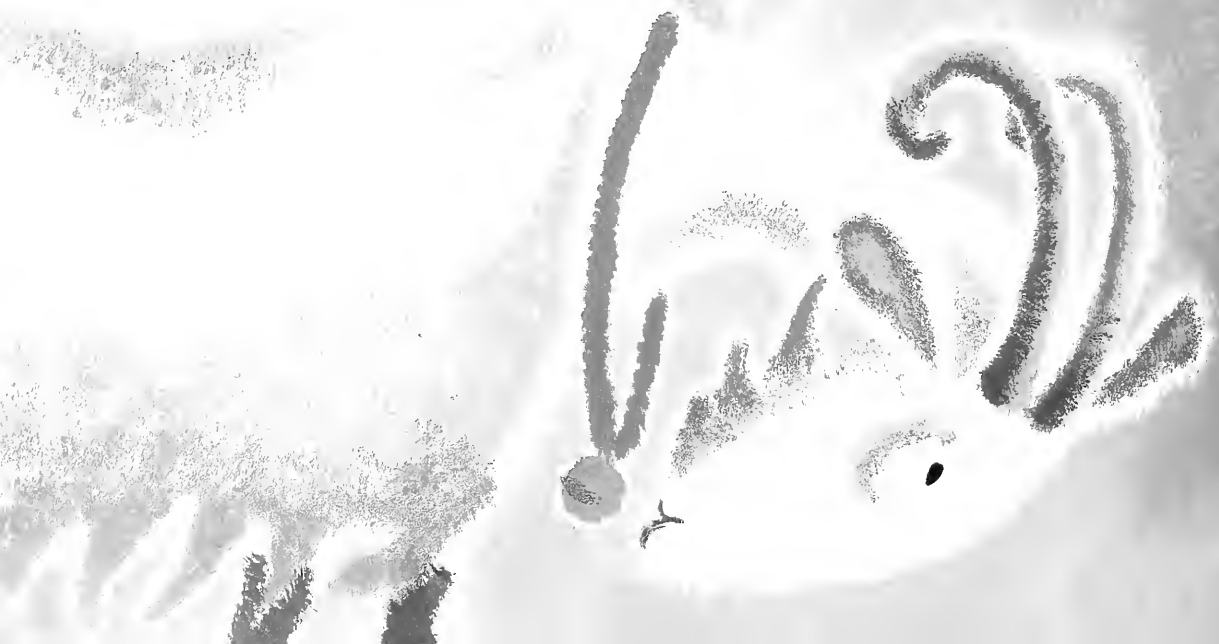
But the troll hollered, “No! No! I’M going to eat YOU instead!”



And the third billy goat said, in a voice like  
thunder...

“OH NO, YOU’RE NOT!”

Down went the billy goat’s head...





and up went the wicked old troll into the air  
and over the bridge he fell...





..SPLASH!

into the river, never to be seen again!

Then the big billy goat Gruff skipped across the bridge to join his brothers.

And the three billy goats munched happily in pastures new, saying, “Mmmmm... this grass is so good to chew!”





# The Three Little Pigs



Once upon a time, there were three little pigs.  
They were brave. They were bold. But they  
weren't very big.

One fine day the little pigs set off to  
see the world.





*"Always look out for the big, bad wolf,"*  
said their mother. "He's bad. He's big.  
And he'd love to eat a tasty little..."

The three little pigs hadn't gone far when they met a man carrying a heavy load of straw.



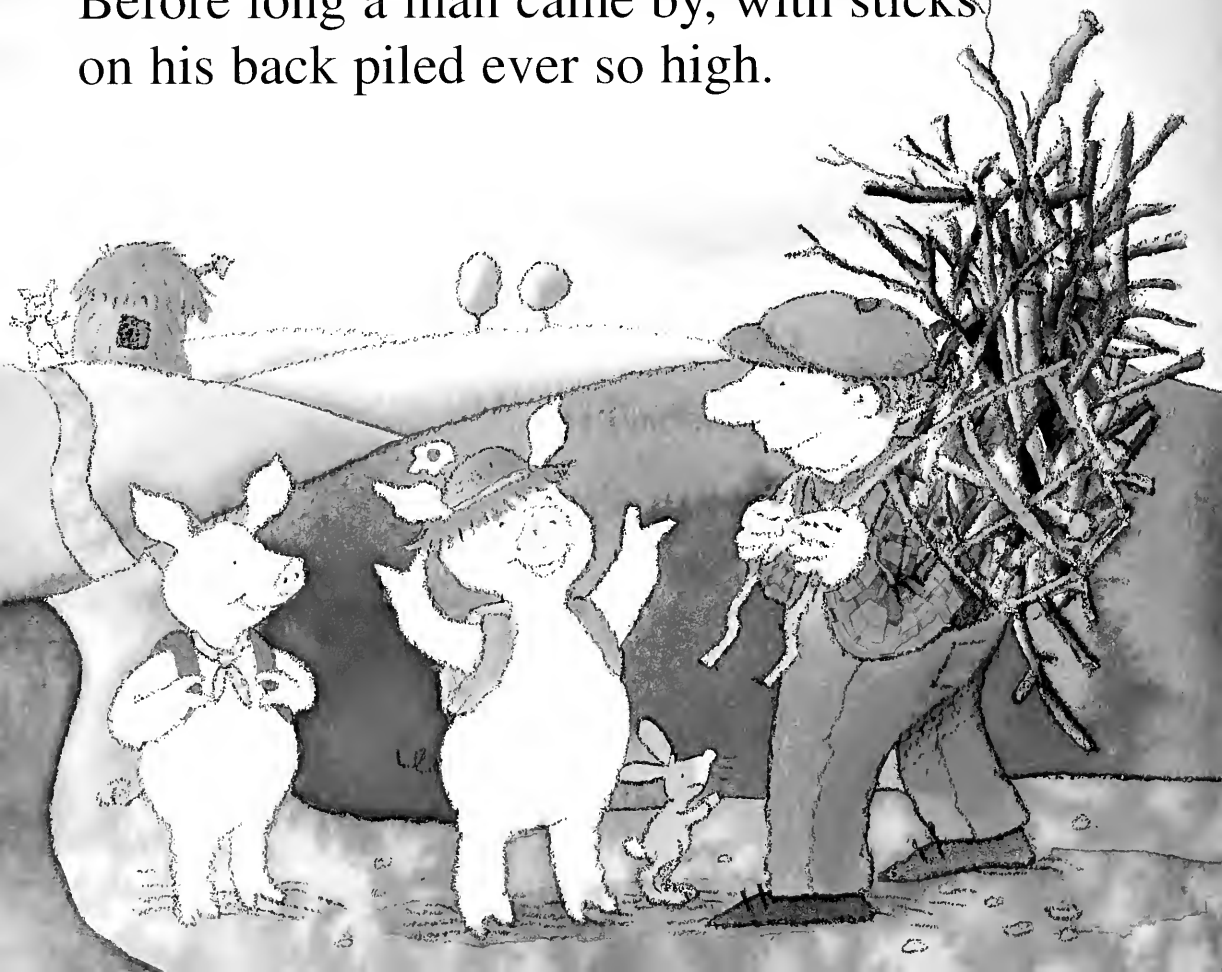


“I could build a very fine house with  
that straw,” said the first little pig.  
And he did.



The two little pigs set off, leaving their brother at his house of straw.

Before long a man came by, with sticks on his back piled ever so high.



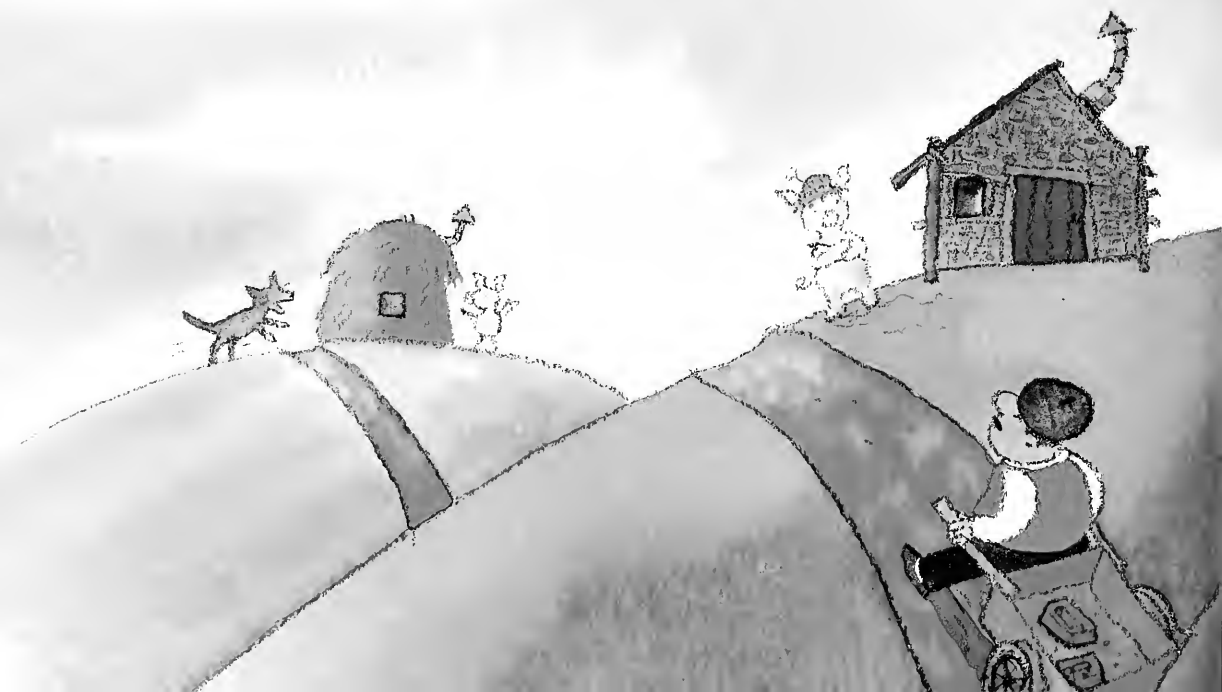
“I could build a very fine house with those sticks,” said the second little pig.  
And she did.



The last little pig set off, leaving his sister at her house of sticks. Soon he met a man carrying a load of bricks.

“I could build a very fine house with those bricks,” said the third little pig.

And he did.



Meanwhile, who was creeping up to the house of straw? It was...

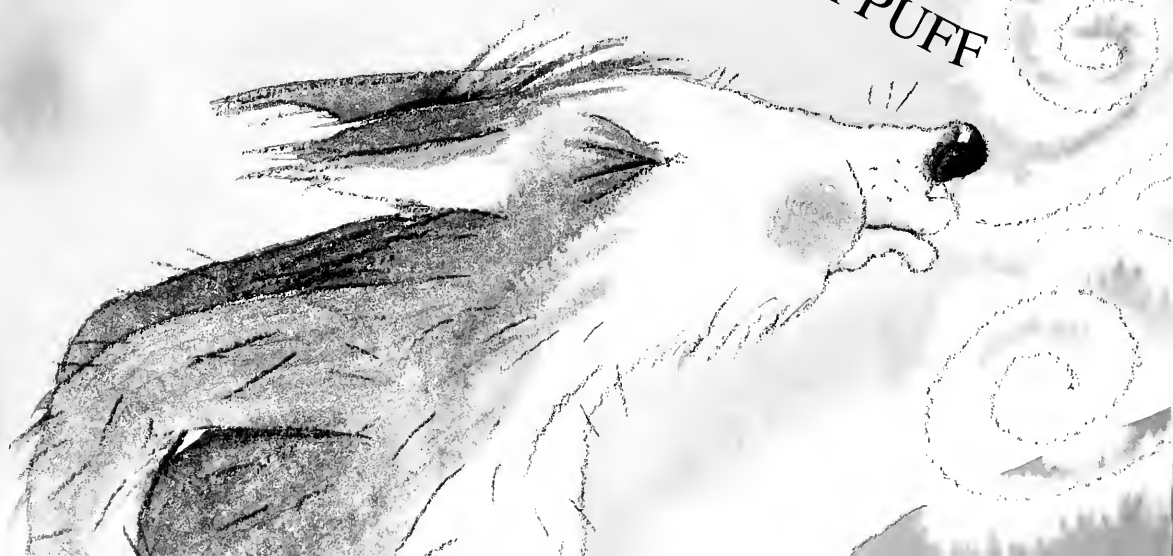


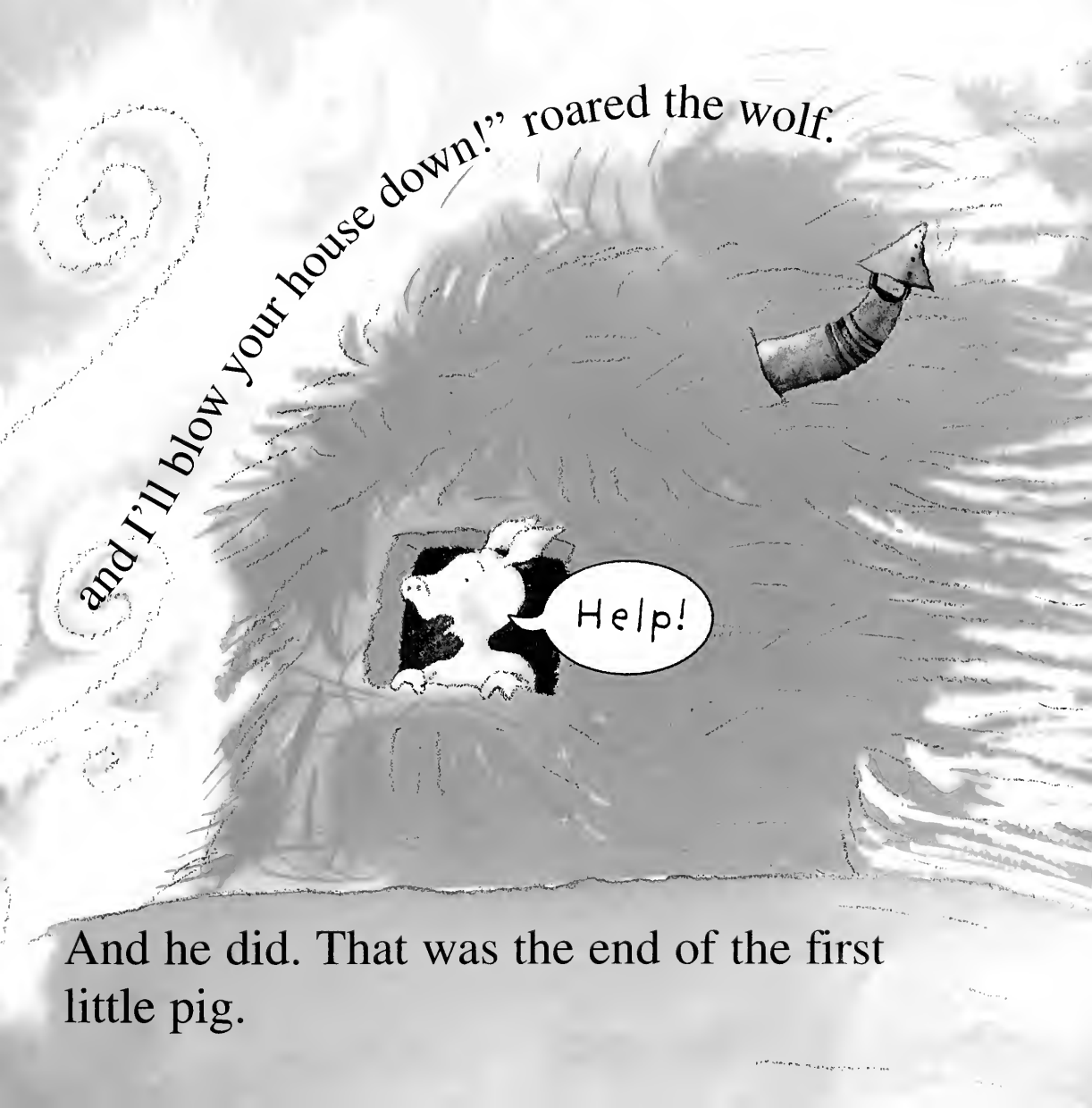
...the big, bad wolf!

“Little pig, little pig, let me come in!”  
he growled.

“No! By the hairs on my chinny chin chin,  
I won’t let you in!” squeaked the first  
little pig.

“Then I’ll HUFF and I’ll PUFF





and I'll blow your house down!" roared the wolf.

Help!

And he did. That was the end of the first little pig.

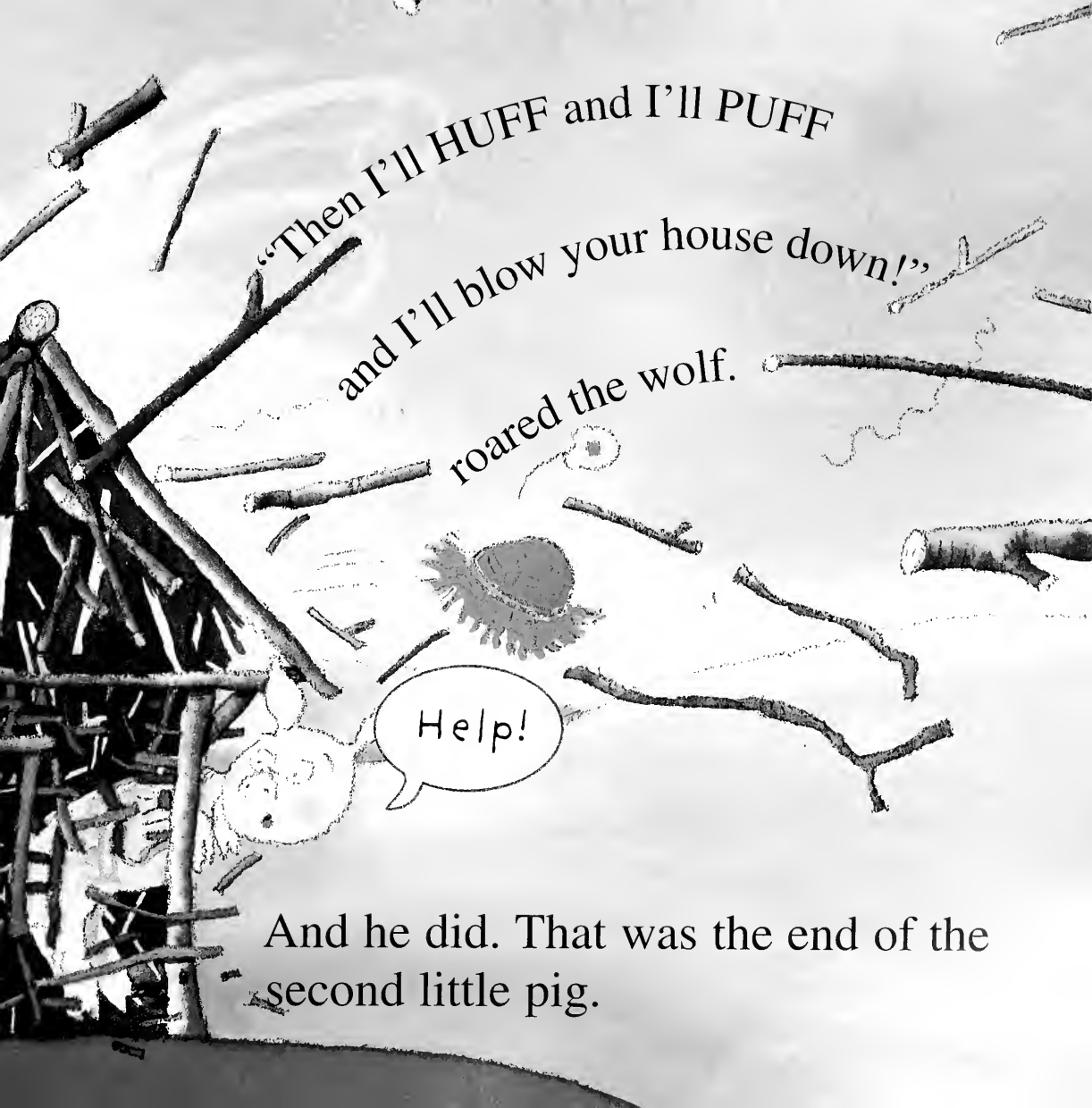
Next the wolf crept up to the house of sticks.

“Little pig, little pig, let me come in!”  
he growled.

“No! By the hairs on my chinny chin chin,  
I won’t let you in!” squeaked the second  
little pig.





A black and white illustration depicting a scene from the story of the three little pigs. On the left, a small, simple house made of sticks and branches is being blown apart by a strong wind. Debris, including sticks and a small tuft of grass, is flying through the air. In the center, a pig is shown in a state of panic, with a speech bubble above its head. To the right, a wolf is depicted roaring, with its mouth wide open and a speech bubble containing the text. The background is a plain, light-colored sky.

“Then I’ll HUFF and I’ll PUFF  
and I’ll blow your house down!”  
roared the wolf.

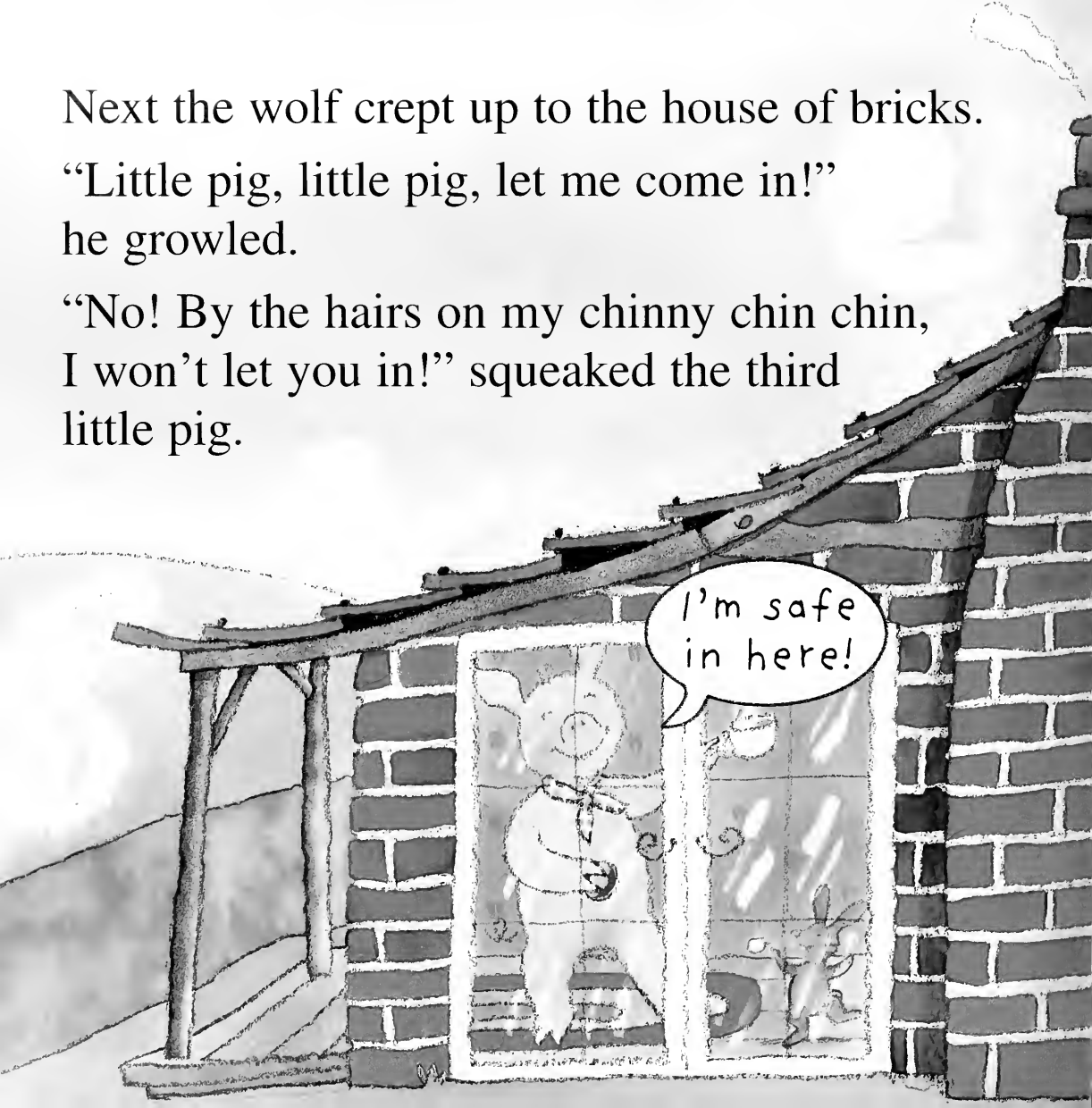
Help!

And he did. That was the end of the  
second little pig.

Next the wolf crept up to the house of bricks.

“Little pig, little pig, let me come in!”  
he growled.

“No! By the hairs on my chinny chin chin,  
I won’t let you in!” squeaked the third  
little pig.



So the wolf *HUFFED* and he *PUFFED*...  
and he *HUFFED* and he *PUFFED*...  
but he couldn't blow down the house of bricks.

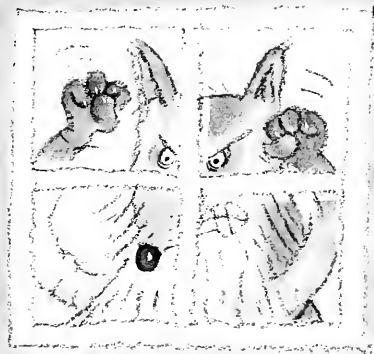
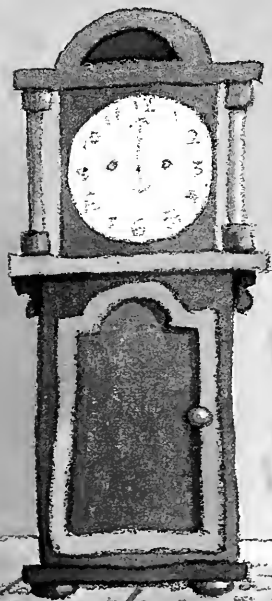


“Little pig,” called the wolf, “be ready at six o’clock tomorrow morning, and we’ll gather some tasty turnips.”



The little pig knew that the wolf planned to eat him. So off he set at *five* o'clock. He filled his basket with tasty turnips and hurried home before six o'clock.

“Bother!” growled the wolf.

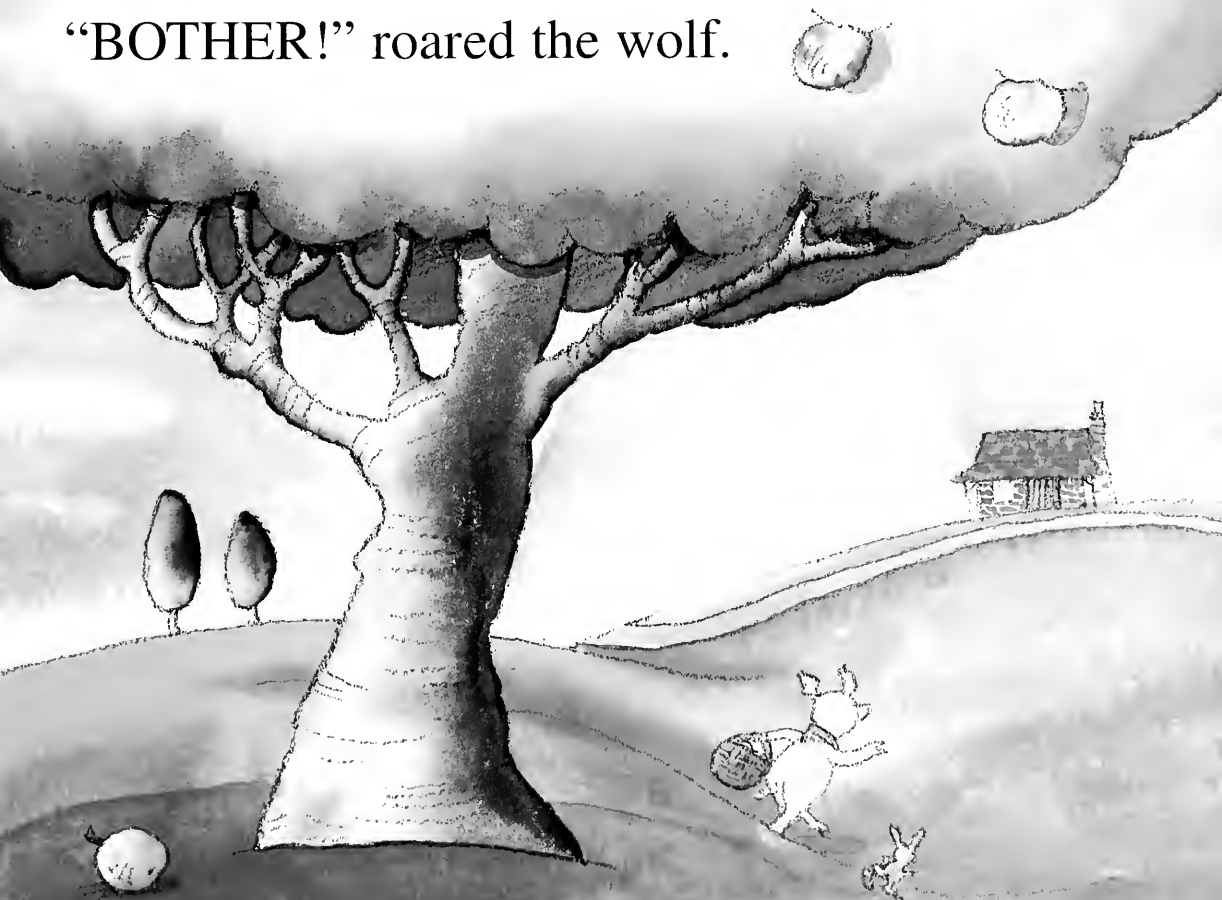


“Little pig,” called the wolf, “be ready at five o’clock tomorrow morning, and we’ll pick some juicy apples.”



So the little pig set off at *four* o'clock. He filled his basket with juicy apples and hurried home before five o'clock.

“BOTHER!” roared the wolf.

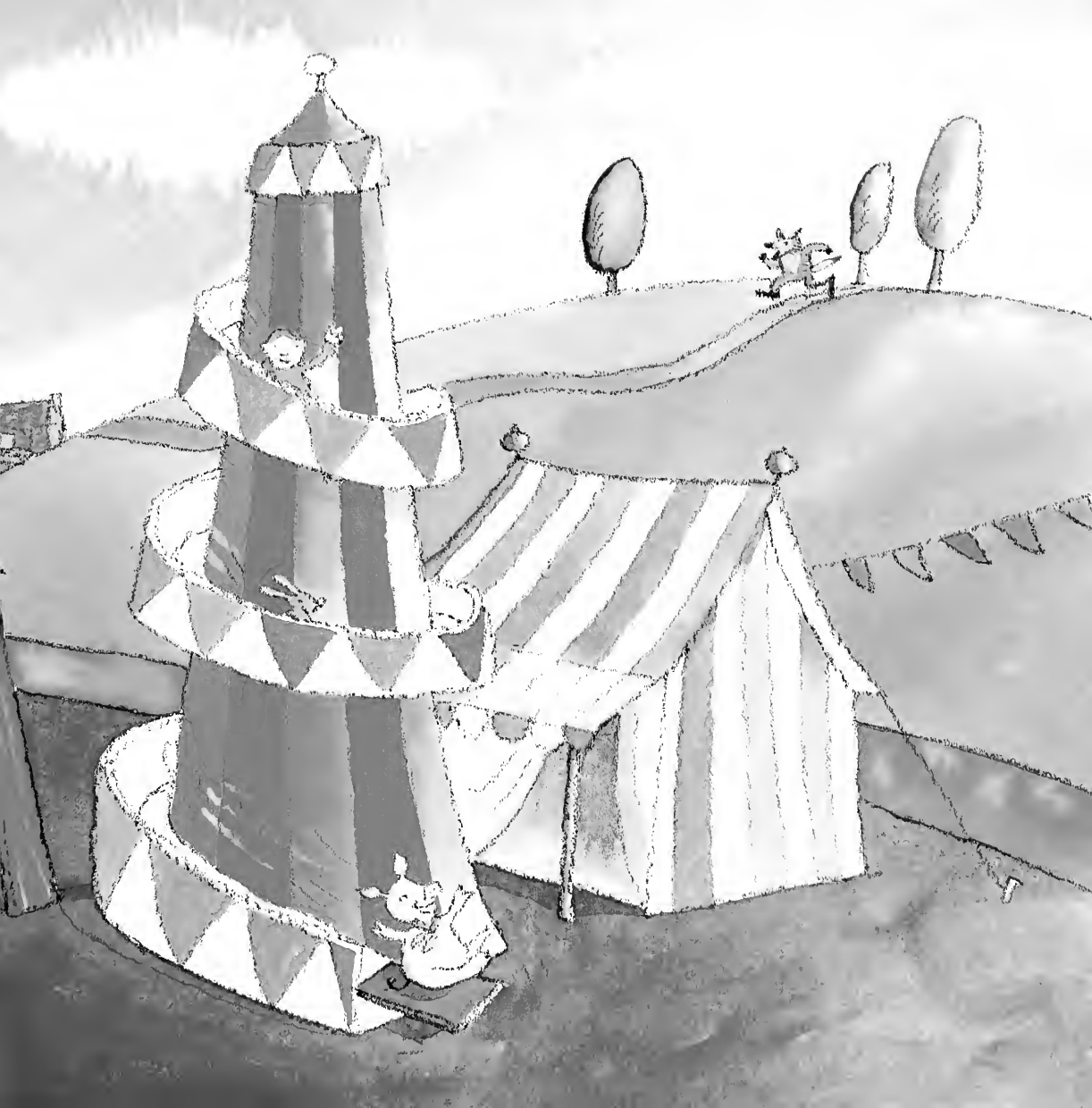


“Little pig,” called the wolf, “be ready at four o’clock this afternoon, and we’ll go to the fair.”

As soon as the wolf went away, the little pig set off for the fair. He had SO much fun!







At four o'clock the wolf arrived.

Just then, the little pig rolled back from the fair inside a barrel. And he bowled right over the wolf!

Quickly the little pig ran indoors.



Now the wolf was *really* angry. He climbed onto the roof.

“Little pig, I’m coming to EAT YOU UP!”  
he shouted down the chimney.



Indoors, the pig put a pot of  
water on to boil...

Suddenly the wolf fell down the chimney into the pot of boiling water with a...



**CRASH!** and a **SPLASH!**

And that was the end of the big, bad wolf.

And the little pig said, "Now I can live happily  
ever after in my very fine house of bricks!"

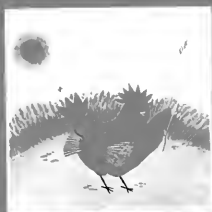
And he did!







A timeless collection of treasured stories, perfect for sharing with young children. Amusing pictures and lots of funny rhythm and rhyme bring these traditional tales to life.



The Little Red Hen



The Three Little Pigs



The Gingerbread Man



Goldilocks and the Three Bears



The Three Billy Goats Gruff

